

The Impossible Four

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Summary: It was never heard of before, four seperate houses actually coming together. Contains OCs. T for safty, nothing for concern.

1. The Beginning

"Hufflepuff"

"Hufflepuff"

"Gryffindor"

"Ravenclaw"

"Slytherin, avoid that one."

I continue to look through my telescope, going through the boats and singling out one person at a time.

"It's cold! Why couldn't we take our thicker robes?" whined Illah.

"Well what did you expect when coming up here?" responded my friend Denver.

I tuned them out once they started another fight, they often do so. I would rather be doing this alone, but as per tradition, I have to invite them. Ever since my second year, I've had the grandest idea to create a game of the first year's sorting ceremony! I'm a Ravenclaw myself, and took the liberty into studying psychology from both the wizarding and muggle world. It started out as a way to pass the time with my new friends, but then grew to become a silent ceremony that we have kept up thus far.

It is rather quite simple really; all you have to do is to guess

which house a first year is going to be placed into. We decide by looking closely at their looks, clothing, gestures, and on how they interact with the other wizards on the boats.

I have kept the record of having the most correct for four years straight, Denver as a close second, and Illah resting in third place. It really is too easy for me to read a person, this bunch in particular.

In a forest of brown, blonde, and blacks, the kid in front is the easiest to spot. A girl not from here, if her hair alone was anything to go by. It was Weasly red, but curly. Not short either, it practically floated around her head, shoulders, and back. Her robes weren't too tidy, and she used strong, wide gestures when talking to her other classmates. She was obviously a Gryffindor, even representing the lion that hangs on the banners.

"Check on frizzy there, the prime specimen of a Gryffindor she is." I called out.

"What? Come on, your better than this! Leave the easy pickings to Illah! She needs to learn not you!" said Denver.

"Hey! Don't act as if I was muggle born! You know I don't specialize in mind reading!"

Ignoring them once more, I scoped out more newbies. Another girl I missed was a small blonde. With hair seeming to reach her ankles even when in a braid! That's a first! She seemed to be perching on her seat, leaning over this way and that to try to see everything at once. Hopping on her seat, with eyes glistening with never-ending questions, I quickly worked out that she was a Ravenclaw. Most were noted for their wandering eyes, and their habit of neatness.

"From frizzy, look two boats towards the northwest. You can't miss her!" My yell broke the scuffle once again, both rapidly holding their telescopes to spot the blonde.

"Look at that hair!" Both exclaimed.

"Her hair is so well kept! How does she do it? My hair isn't that long but still ends up frayed with spit ends!"

"May not just be her hair, could be a fault of yours!"

"Why you little toad wart!"

Sighing, I tuned them out. Honestly, they represent the Ravenclaw mass. But they act on the instinct of holding their pride, causing them to act like children most of the time.

Ravenclaw

Slytherin

Slytherin

Gryffindor

Slytherin

Oh, two boats with Gryffindors upon them. One had a set of tumbling twins and another had only two people on board. The twins were identical, I wasn't able to tell if both were the same gender or not. Their partner was a boy with a smug face, looking like proud show pig. The second boat had a boy and a girl, both looking like a very odd pair. The girl was a blonde that clearly showed confidence and maturity. The boy, however, was a fidgety mess. He was a grand behemoth, towering over the other kids by his girth and height. Odd, this was another show of diversity.

"What do you make of the swarm of Gryffindors north of Rapunzel?"

"Looks like a savage bunch, the girls here are much more 'prim and proper' than the ones there." snorted Denver.

"They remind me of the people in stories that my parents used to read to me." answered Illah.

"Who?"

"Vikings."

Ahh, that explains it. It now seemed obvious once spoken aloud. I could see the Norse resemblance upon them, and I could imagine the young men with thick beards as well.

I saw the lighting change from the corner of the scope. I swept my line of sight towards the disturbance, and see a boy holding an extinguished lantern. He was a small fellow, with the same Norse-look on him as the other gang. He curled in on himself when his shipmates complained about the sudden loss of light. He turned his eyes downcast, but still looked at his fellow Norsemen.

Physical weakness, signs of longing, a look of worry, an aura of dejection.

"There is a boy not too far east of the Vikings, a Hufflepuff." I confidently stated.

"Dang it Reggie! Leave some faces for us!" said Denver.

"Once you two stop bickering and start following tradition, then I'll leave you some." I snapped back.

"There is a cute Slytherin down there." Illah casually commented.

"What?" we said in sync.

"Where?" I said, looking through the group I haven't graded through.

"Excuse me, what? What do you mean by a 'cute' Slytherin?!"

"The boy is down there, near the back of the fleet. He has the snake's smirk." Illah smoothly replied, not ashamed of what she said.

I couldn't exactly find a, ahem, "cute" guy in the crowd. But I did spot a lad with the dubbed, "snake's smirk." A smile that set hairs standing in anxiety, one that emitted smug cockiness, usually accompanied with shifty eyes. A boy with very plain features came into view, brown hair and eyes matching. Nothing special from looks alone, but he lounged across the bench as if he owned the boat. He already seemed to have a sort of posse surrounding him already.

"Again, what? Did I, or did I not, just hear you say that a Slytherin was cute?!" cried Denver for the umpteenth time thus far.

"Well, he is. Call them what you want, but some wizard pure-breeds really know how to make good eye-candy."

"â€¦ I think I threw up in my mouth just thenâ€¦!"

With the greenhorns reaching up to shore, we were forced to pack up. I glanced over my notes on the last four wizards. One for each house: two females and two males. One will be proud of her house regardless; one would wish he would have had a choice; one would be exited about all the possible opportunities; and one who will wish to be somewhere he thinks he deserves to be.

Conclusions made, I strutted my way back to the hall where the sorting ceremony was being held. There, I would witness my winnings on the bet we made earlier, my winning streak stretching on to five years in a row, and where the four new kids would disappear from my mind.

Turns out, things didn't quite go as planned.

* * *

><p>How to Train Your Dragon and Rise of the Guardians belong to Dreamworks,<p>

Tangled and Brave belong to Disney,

The wizarding world of Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling.

2. Rapunzel's Dream

Chapter 2

The Hogwarts castle was amazing! Never had I seen anything so big and tall! I jumped up to lean on the front of the little boat, causing it to rock dangerously in my action. Not fazed, I still tried to lean this way and that, wanting to see more of the building. Wanting to see the inside through the windows before we even entered, wanting to jump down and run inside once we reached land, wanting to hug mother for allowing me to be here.

Yes, I definitely have to thank mother once I send her a letter. Does this school have a postal service here? Or do I have to ask a wizard to send it directly to her? I hope not, mother might have a heart attack. She might be baking and the letter might catch on fire, setting the whole house in flames! Then I wouldn't have mother

anymore! And it would be my own fault in not knowing how wizard letters work!

Rapunzel, calm yourself. Do not make assumptions so quickly, you know not how their world works so do not judge.

I could hear mother's voice scolding me; I seem to always be acting improper. Oh how I missed mother, have I only saw her waving farewell at the train station just today? I never really noticed how fast time flies when outside.

Rapunzel don't pout, your pretty face turns sour when you do so.

Mother is right, right now is not the time to mope. Tonight, I get to go to an actual school! With actual students, actual teachers, and actual classes! Not that mother hasn't done a good job, but that must be so hard to teach her only child along with her other duties.

"_Has not" Rapunzel, please remember the next time._

* * *

><p>Once inside, my curiosity sprouted once more. The walls were made with large bricks, but they were decorated in small, delicate ornaments. Even the long banners hung with gold, silver, bronze, and black embroidery around the borders. The halls were made to be narrow, but tall. This may be to emphasize the grand size of the castle, because the said ornaments only highlighted the impossible height of the rather cramped hallways. Then again, this design was more than likely designed or inspired in the Renaissance age.<p>

I continued to soak up the details as we passed. There were so many things to look at! And at only things hanging on the wall! The only down side was that the hallways did seem to become a tight squeeze, especially with all the students passing by. I think the designer of the place planned on showing the elegance that the blunt, bland building had, showing what power and history it holds within. Unfortunately, this seemed to be oblivious to the other children. The rest just seemed to be only focused on getting to where there going.

Following the crowd, we all eventually managed to find ourselves in a dining hall of sorts. Well, not so much a dining hall as it was a ballroom. The four tabled were long, plain, but with gold plates that were polished and gleamed in the candlelight. The candles themselves seemed to be floating by themselves above the room. I also saw an amazing skylight upon the ceiling, showing Orion in all his glory. I eagerly wanted to ask someone how the candles didn't seemed to be dripping hot wax on us, or how a skylight this large was still able to keep a crystal clear image of the sky even when it must have been through some good amount of abuse. But, I held my tongue. As mother had saidâ€|

Things are not quite as they seem in this world Rapunzel, what may be one thing might be , in-fact, something different entirely! You are already going to be the diamond in the rough in this school, but please, do not make such a show of it dear.

And mother was right indeed; people were already giving me strange looks. Some seem good, others looked rather painful. On the boat, the girls kept asking about my hair while the boys looked at me with open mouths. Girls in green seemed envious, the ones in blue curious, girls in red incredulous, and the ones in yellow a mix of all three. The boys were even more concerning, all either looked with raised eyebrows or eyebrows skyward.

It is because of your hair my flower, they will stare. Like with any precious stone, others will react differently. Make sure that your treasure is protected at all costs!

I reached back to grab my hair when meeting the eyes of a girl with a green scarf, who had her eyes narrows and focused on my braid.

A man came forth towards the podium to make an announcement; he seemed to be the principle. When witnessing the hallway architecture, I managed to find myself towards the back of the crowd. I was not the shortest person however, so I attempted to tip-toe my way to a good spot. But no matter how much I jumped and shifted, I couldn't seem to get a good glimpse of the man!

Could not, Rapunzel!

Could not seem to get a good glimpse of the man. But I did hear him saying how happy he was at seeing such a "large batch of potential." Then he went on about a special ceremony about to take place, explaining on how we get sorted into our houses.

Houses!? Are these houses like the ones in the suburbs? The ones sitting side-by-side with identical frames? Or are they more like apartments? There didn't seem to be any other buildings around this mansion, could they mean dorms? How could they fit another building when surrounded by these trees? Is this just another thing different in the wizard world?

Rapunzel, stop with these meaningless questions. A cluttered mind will only lead to a messy situation.

Right, mother knows best. I refocused on the ceremony, one that involved an old hat and a stool. This was all I could make out before another person shifted their head into my vision. Holding back a sigh, I waited until my name was called.

Surprisingly, a call of names did not come. Instead, there was the voice of a throaty man singing a tune:

Welcome those who come here now,

Even those wearing a frown,

This is where your future will be found,

Secrets held will become sound,

At least to me,

Gryffindor hold those whose courage is like non other,

Where they all are your older sisters and brothers,

They will be the last ones standing in battle,
Fear shall never leave them rattled,
Lions you may be,
Slytherins have mighty goals that reach the sky,
They will do anything to reach that high,
When facing a challenge in their way,
Raw talent shall empty the fray,
Snake you may be,
Hufflepuffs are those you want by your side,
Their loyal force could turn the tide,
With enough care they will blossom,
None shall "play possum,"
Badger you may be,
Ravenclaws are those with ingenuity and craft,
Their minds are nothing to be laughed at,
They will help you find a way,
To show you the light of day,
Eagle you may be,
I'm an old hat, as you can tell,
And I shall soon know you well,
This decision will be easy, while others are not,
So be prepared if you get caught,
I welcome thee.

The song ended, and so many thoughts entered my mind that I had no hope of holding them back.

A hat was singing? Was that what the lyrics said? Or is it just a wizard term for "old man?" Where those the houses, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff? Or was it something else? Are they all actual living animals, or just titles? Which one will I be in? Am I strong enough to be a lion, ambitious as a snake, smart as an eagle, or loyal as a badger? This is my first time with public displays!

What if I'm not qualified? What if I'm an in-between? Could this be a big mistake? Maybe I just dreamt the last month, when I randomly

started to glow. Mother never wanted my hair cut, saying it was very special. When it started glowing, she soon revealed what she knew of the other world. My hair was bewitched by a spell; at least, that is what she said happened. After watching the incident happened, mother was scared for me, so she left her old life to start a new one.

Even leaving her husband behind for me.

She started raising me as a single mother, fretting for the time when I showed signs of magic. But for over a decade, nothing happened. Mother knew the hex/jinx/curse/spell had something to do with my hair. She herself has a lovely head of black locks, and father having dark hair as well. So growing up with blonde hair was strange at first, even more so when she would tell me to never cut it.

When I turned 11, however, things happened. Nothing combusted, thankfully, but finding out that my hair could heal was certainly a shock. I cut myself when making a casserole, where mother found me bleeding and crying on the kitchen floor. She held me and sang me my special song, wrapping my hair around me like a blanket. With her eyes closed, she was not able to see a change in lighting.

But I did, and all I could do was watch. My hair, already golden, shone like sunrays. The light came flowing through my hair like a water pipe, all the way to the tip. Shimmering, I felt warmth in my hand. I would not say it was exactly pleasant, but it was not painful. My hand just felt too hot, then felt too cold when the light went away. By then mother opened her eyes, looking just as astonished as I was.

No sooner, mother found a school for me, bought my own wand and robes, and then saw me off on the train.

"Rapunzel! Are you here?" a voice shouted.

Really Rapunzel, keep note of your surroundings, you would not want to miss anything important would you?

Blushing, I raised my hand as I made my way to the teacher. I never realized how into thought I was before noticing the agitation on the woman in front of me. The first letters of the alphabet already were called.

I sat on top of a stool, soon wearing an old wizard cap. I could see some students in front of me, but the rest of my vision was blocked by the limp rim. Before I could fix it, I heard a man rumble in my ear.

"Oh! Interesting, very interesting!" whispered the man.

I squeaked and turned my head around to look at the man, but found nobody.

"Calm down girl, as your mother would say, "leave a good impression."

I whipped back to face the tables once more, more than a little scared of the invisible man.

"You have nothing to fear miss, I won't do you harm. Pardon, I will

not do you harm." The voice said atop my head.

Things are not quite as they seem in this world Rapunzel, what may be one thing-

"_-might be, in-fact, something different entirely!"_ mimicked the hat.

It then chuckled.

"You have a curious mind, one ready to soak up anything and everything. One fit for a Ravenclaw."

"Yetâ€|" The hat mumbled something too softly for me to hear.

"Do you love your mother child?"

Of course I did, mother has done so much for me. I thought back on the last month and all she did to get me here.

"I'll take that as a yesâ€|"

The hat mumbled a few more times, occasionally murmuring a "curious, very curiousâ€|"

After a few more silent rambles, the hat shouted "HUFFLEPUFF!"

A crowd in yellow clapped and cheered, people who will soon be my new classmates. I made my way toward them, smiling in relief. Helping me to my seat between two boys, I thanked the kind kids up front. Beaming, I looked up toward the boy to my right.

"Salutations! My name is Rapunzel, and what is yours?"

There was no reply; he continued to watch a boy named Haddock getting sorted.

Turning to my left, I greeted the other lad in the same way.

Again, there was no reply.

Looking around the room, I saw the boys and girls in red, green, and blue look at me with snickers and worried faces. Some were pointing, and I saw one girl jump and turn around as if scared. Then her friends glanced at me and laughed.

I suddenly felt too small between the two boys, the girl across the table leaned over to me.

"Welcome to the house of rejects." the girl sighed.

"But I thought it was house of the badgers, Hufflepuff?"

"No way, they only have this house here for the people who have no talent in any of the other houses. The wimpy, stupid, lazy skunks. Go team!" she said unenthusiastically.

"But, loyalty-

"Look blonde, what you heard was a lie. Take it or leave

it!"

Slouching back into her seat, our conversation ended. I scanned the crowd again, seeing new kids in other tables already talking animatedly to one another. Comparing them to the table I'm sitting on, it seemed bland.

Mother, I don't know how the other kids will act towards me. What if they don't like me?

"_Do not" Rapunzel, and worry not my pet! You will have all of them eating out of the palm of your hands!_

What does that mean?

You will see once you get there!

"Hey, Blondie, could you please pass the meat?" said the boy to my right.

I saw the recently empty plates full of food, but barely registered it as I numbly held up a plate piled with some sort of poor animal.

Without giving thanks, the boy grabbed chunks off the plate and chomped; repeating the process with my hand still holding the platter.

Oh dear, so this is what it meansâ€¦|

* * *

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3. Merida's Punishment

Chapter 3

* * *

><p>"Then, my pa managed to zing that bear a good one and leave it runnin' towards the woods. Saving my mum and myself!"<p>

"No way!"

"I don't believe you, there is no way that really happened!"

"Ye callin' me a liar?"

"No!"

"You don't have any proof!"

"It's not like I could have me da' come here to just show you his

battle scars, it was hard enough to get me here!"

"Where did you say you were from?"

"Scotland."

"Wow!"

"How is that impressive? We are in Scotland!"

"Yeah, but have you seen a girl talk like she has?
Authentic."

"There are a few Scottish people here!"

"People have come from afar to learn here?"

"But they obviously weren't pure Scottish like Merida is?"

"True, but then, where do you think all these red heads come from?"

"GIRLS!" The lass named Gertrude snapped at her sisters.

"What?" Gordon and Gerund said together.

"We're here." Gertrude pronounced, standing on the trail with the lantern to prove her point.

"All right!" I was the second one to leave the boat, launching myself carelessly into the water.

Stockings and the bottom of my robe wet, I waited on the grass for the triplets to leave the boat. Gordon, Gerund, and Gertrude were nearly identical to one another. The only hope you have to figure out who's who is their hair length. Gordon had the shortest hair, not even reaching her shoulders. Gerund had medium length, somewhere between her neck and shoulder blades. Gertrude's hair was long, brushing her lower back.

They were all sweet lassies, reminding me strongly of my three brothers back at home. I guess that's the only reason why I willingly went on a boat with the three arguing about one thing or another.

"Would you look at the size of that man!" Gerund shouted, pointing at the rather large man with a face full of hair. The man was very big, making me picture him as a bear rather than any man I've faced.

"Gerund! Don't point! That is very rude, what would mother say?" Gordon scorned this time.

I couldn't help but mimic my mother's complaints, "Young lady, that is certainly not the way that I taught you to be! A true daughter of mine would not only hold her tongue but to also refrain from such outspoken gestures!" I said this while also standing perfectly straight, making sure to keep my head in an upturned angle.

Waiting in a few seconds of silence, all four of us burst out

laughing.

"Oh, poor Merida! Is that what you have to live with?"

"And I thought Aunt Bessie was bad!"

"Was that why you chose to come to Hogwarts?"

Chuckling, I explained to them again that I never chose to come here. I would have much rather preferred the more traditional schooling closer to home. Hogwarts may claim to be the best there is, but I don't want to be the "best." Hogwarts seemed to be a much more polished school than most, and I was unfortunately correct. I didn't like the way that they also separated the students throughout their stay; it made no sense to me.

Why would you want to brand your children? Or better yet, why would you want to make a carbon fiber of yourself out of them? Shouldn't parents want their child to be above the rest, having special talents that no one else around them has? Shouldn't the kids want to be someplace where they don't have to be forced into a mold? Or does the school just have a sick pleasure at watching childhood kids being stripped apart, forced to loose their identities, and suddenly be enemies because an old hat told them they couldn't together?

"I agree with you 100%!"

"Me too."

"Did you know that's why we all have the letter 'G' in our names?"

"Our parents predicted us to be sorted in Gryffindor House, just like they were."

"The 'Triple G Lions' they wanted us to be called."

"It's bad enough that we're identical to one another--"

"--but it's embarrassing if we get assigned to different houses--"

"--or if we don't get assigned to the Gryffindor's--"

"--then our parent's life wish will be crushed!"

"What would we be called then? The Three Gs?"

"Just, the Triplets?"

"Or, heaven forbid, the Three Fates!"

At this, all three had a look of terror etched on their faces. This was another thing I didn't approve of, expectations. Parents who were students here would actually plan on their child to hold the "family tradition" of getting assigned into the same house as them. It's bad enough that your fate has already been assigned depending on what house you're placed in.

If you're a Slytherin, you doomed to become the worst of the worst.

Being a spawn of the devil, and the next leader to rid the world of muggles and traitors. If you're a Gryffindor, you will be praised at being the best in the skies and on the battlefield. People would expect all to be able to beat the bad guys, the evil Slytherins. And how proud would your parents be at finding out that their little darlin' was a clever little Ravenclaw. Watching him/her rise to the top, inventing life-changing spells and counter spells that would save millions! And the utter, disappointment you would get if you're sorted into Hufflepuff. The nobodies, the kids without potential, the kids who will die young, the kids who are clueless to magic and the like. Pathetic.

I say that any Slytherin could be as heroic as the Gryffindors! Ravenclaws could have power of the mind and still be impressive flyers! Hufflepuffs could have just as much talent as any of the other houses! And Gryffindors don't have to be dare-devils or storybook heroes to be noted for greatness! Honestly, how they managed to have the school intact as long as it had been? Is it really such a surprise that there was another war between pass Slytherins and Gryffindors?!

Great, my good mood is ruined. Welcome to Hogwarts!

With the triplets going on about their worries, I lead them up the path to the cage disguised as a school.

I didn't pay much attention to the dÃ©cor; I just wanted the day to be over. I couldn't help but wonder how my family was doing, and how happy mother is at the thought of me being here. I wish I was able to place some sort of jinx from here, it's her fault I'm in this mess!

All I did was ditch her classes in order to ride on Angus and practice my magic in peace, thank you very much! And so what if I did so for weeks on end during the summer? So what if I placed traps to hopefully slow her down, or give me a warning if she was in the area? It's not my fault that Hamish was found dangling upside down over a river of rapids! In fact, he rather enjoyed having the blood rushing to his head. But no, mother would not tolerate such behavior from me, telling me that it is high time I started to take my lessons seriously.

She is so unfair! I'm only eleven, what did she expect to come out of me? I was doing what every kid would do in the same situation. I wanted to play on my breaks, not to learn!

"Merida? Merida!" Gertrude helped snap me out of my rant.

"They just began the sorting, you missed the sorting song!"

"Like I care of what tha' piece of fabric says! I alread' kno' which house I'll be put on!"

Before a guessing game could start, a man switched places with a pretty looking woman to take over the podium. Taking out a long roll of parchment, she called out the named listed with a smooth, powerful voice. "Anderson, Penyetta"

Over the course of names, the girls made a game of the event. It mostly consisted of telling me or her sisters which boy was

cuter.

"I saw a cute boy on a boat earlier."

"Newsflash, we were all on boats when coming here!"

"Wait, what kind of cute? Cute as in "hot for a boy this young," "a boy so childish you just want to pinch his cheeks," or "not the best looking out there but good enough to not be labeled as an eyesore?"

"Oh wait! Was this the boy you said look as if he was a walking fish?"

"NO! I was talking about the boy behind him!"

"Hello? What did you mean by cute? Are you deaf?"

"Never mind, and he was a defenseless kind of cute."

"Hey girls, do you see that boy there."

"Which one? We're in a sea of black here!"

"The one with the spiky hair, brunette, closer to the front. Now a little to the right"

"Oh wow"

"What! Where is he? I can't see him!"

"Isn't he gorgeous?"

"oh wow"

"Just look at the way his eyebrows quirk! And his smile!"

"his smile"

"WHERE IS HE!"

I watched all three of them continue this amusing spectator sport, my foul mood being lifted. Somehow, somehow, I still managed to hear my name from the woman in front.

"DunBroch, Merida"

Turning back to say my farewells, I pushed my way to the front. Before accepting the hat, I turned to look at the offending object. "No matter what house ye put me, I won't turn out like the rest!" I sat down, waiting for my judgment.

I was able to see the crowd, thanks to my hair, and was able to spot the three girls halt their game to watch me. Giving them a wink, I closed my eyes waiting to hear what I know will come.

"SLYTHERIN!" announced the hat, just as I thought it would.

I took off the cap and threw it onto the stool, marching off to my new table. I made sure to avoid the eyes of the sisters.

When coming to said table, I ignored the head and found myself a nice seat in the middle. Shoving the lad in my way, I sat down continuing to ignore the jeers heading towards me. After some time, the lad I pushed attempted to threaten me to leave his seat.

"Why does it matter to ye? Find yourself a better seat and quit harassen' a lady, what would ye motha think? "

I only smiled as the boy started to splutter nonsense, and glared at the others laughing at his humiliation.

Weaklings they all were, following the status quo. But not me, I'll follow my own rules. I already knew from the start that I would be sorted into Slytherin, with my family history and all.

Both my mother and father were pure-bloods, even mingling with some of the neighboring heads to keep their lines pure and to keep peace. We've done so for generations, stretching back who knows how far. Not to mention our rather barbaric reputation. We take pride in our Scottish heritage, and took the liberty to practice in the old ways. Some of our bad reputation was spawned from rumors that we still teach transfiguration to children, in order to teach us the beginning in cursing a traitor.

While we do turn evil folk into mindless beast in order better off them, we don't teach them when they first start to hold the wand.

So with pure-blood relations and a bad reputation under my belt, I had no doubts.

Watching the rest of the ceremony, I only spotted a few that stood out from the crowd. One was a strange girl that had long hair that was sorted into Hufflepuff, her sorting took ages. Another was actually a whole group of Norsemen. They all had funny names, all looking very out of place in this type of setting. A third was the boy that Gerund was fawning over, the one with the same quirking eyebrows and smile. He was put into Gryffindor. Then I saw the three lassies being sorted into Gryffindor as well.

The tree sighed in unison as they took their seats, nearly crying with joy. I'm happy for them, they all managed to stay together. One girl noticed me smiling at them, and asked rather rudely why I was looking at trash.

I responded by socking the girl in the face, one so foul didn't deserve the nose she had. Pleased at the horror-stricken girl, I feasted until my stomach was filled to the brim.

* * *

><p>When walking to the dorms, I realized that we were heading towards the lower regions of the castle. Hallway after hallway, the air steadily grew colder and damp. Surprisingly, we reached a dungeon and were ordered to continue walking until we reached the farthest wall. Our headmistress was a woman with dark brown hair and a sharp chin. Her eyes were stone gray staring down at us, matching the walls in the dungeon.<p>

Once all were present, the headmistress addressed herself. "I am

Professor Blakeslee, I will be your future Divination teacher. I am here in place of your prefect because I would be unlikely to properly meet any of you first years until later years." She then showed us the wall behind her. "This is the entrance to the Slytherin's common room; here you will mingle amongst yourselves and get to know one another. This is also where you may choose to do your studies and spend your free time. To enter, the password you must say is 'wood carver.'"

On her words, the wall then shifted. What once was a solid brick wall, changed into a door in a shimmering ripple; showing a dark tunnel once opened. The tunnel wasn't small, easily fitting five students in a row and still having enough room to avoid the torches hanging along the walls.

The path was cleaned, smooth even, with visible roots sprouting at random intervals. The air grew even more humid the farther we went down. The place had an elegant feel to it, with the help of the large space and well lit path. The torches were simple in design, tall and having two snakes intertwined along the shaft.

At the end of the short hike, we found ourselves at an arch entry showing off a cozy room with plump chairs and couches. The walls were a pale green, and faint patterns of snakes could be seen littering the place. Interestingly enough, not one snake looked like the other. There were the more common and recognized cobras and anacondas, but there were also others breeds that I've never even seen before. One was woven and enlarged into a rug with a forest floor pattern, having captivating shapes upon its scales.

"I'll be leaving you, lights out by ten. I expect you all to be able to take care of yourselves by now. Goodnight." Professor Blakeslee then turned around to walk up the path back to the dungeon.

I took another quick look around at the kids breaking off into groups before asking a prefect where the girl's dorm room was.

Entering the bedrooms, I hardly noticed the serpent theme continuing when changing into my night robes. Checking to make sure all my items were accounted for, I opened a cage with my horned owl inside, fed him, and threw myself into bed.

My final thoughts were of being in my woods, with Angus and my wand at my side.

* * *

><p>How to Train Your Dragon and Rise of the Guardians belong to Dreamworks,<p>

Brave and Tangled belong to Disney,

Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling.

4. Hiccup's Nightmare

Chapter 4

Please let me wake up€|

Please let me wake upâ€|

Whoever can hear me, just please let this nightmare endâ€|

I futilely try to turn once more in order to attempt sleep. And as previous, there were no satisfactory results.

Now facing the window, I can see the small window past the three other beds. I had heard from dad that Hogwarts had become very popular after the war and even had the dorms rebuilt to accommodate a larger group. The Ravenclaw house for first years had about twenty or more beds on different floors. I heard also heard that the build of the castle towers weren't very different from the original, it just had its plans enlarged.

Smart, but I still wished that I was able to see something other than the skyâ€|

A black sky with a cloudy overcast, perfect for an attackâ€|

I soon turned away as my mind wandered elsewhere.

The attacks, even when a continent away, I couldn't help but be on the alert. The raids were never planned, so they could happen at any time of day. The last time it happened, I found myself running out of the house still in my pajamas.

Of course, being from a Viking village, it was sort of expected.

I came from a village called Berk, which has been around since the mid 12th century. It has managed to survive for so long thanks to it's very stubborn residence. Berk wasn't the only village of its kind out there; in fact there were still multiple housings on the island nearby the archipelago. We just happen to be one of the most fierce out there.

Berk's resident Vikings have also kept the old Norsemen traditions. The longboats, the axes, the livestock, and Thawfest to name a few. We even fight dragons, hence the attacks that happen at night.

The war with dragons has been dragging on long and harsh throughout time. But time did change a few things. Before, the soothing touch of cool, sharp metal was the only weapon used for the bloodshed. Now, the use of wands and magic has wriggled it's way in. Though, it is more honorable to slay a beast with the long familiar weapons.

Magic has only helped with the losses, since we Berkains had to learn from experience. History states that there were many events of which one wizard would cast a spell, only to erupt an explosion that killed dragons and warriors around the "suicidal" magic user. Other times, the wizard would, unintentionally, place a charm that benefitted the dragons instead of the Vikings. Even with the lessons we've learned, there is still the fear that only wave of a wand will end our chances of vanquishing the winged monsters.

This is were I come in.

My parents were both users of magic, so it came to no surprise that I was one as well. What did surprise them was that my magic showed more

destruction than most. While others would throw small sparks or minor invisibility, I would spout a sonic boom when I was truly upset. There was even one incident that I blew the door off its hinges, dad never fails to remind of my lack of control.

It managed to control it as I got older, but the damage was done. I was shunned for my misdoing, along with my obvious lack of muscle.

Having no talents with weapons, and nobody having the guts to teach me magic without some sort of death wish, I was put into the forge. There is where I met Gobber. He had no second thoughts when accepting me as an apprentice, even thanking the chief for offering his "left hand."

While not a magic user, Gobber showed me lessons that I would never forget. I learned to use whatever gift I had to the greatest extent, and to not turn away when I am afraid of harming others. Of course, he didn't say this in words as much as he did with hot metal and burnt hair.

I learned some minor nature charms, including ones of fire and water. Both helped in the forge, but the fire offered protection and the water helped clean the fires I made. I still have problems though, since my magic is still growing. That is when my dad, the chief, led to the decision to send our generation of magic users to the south. Not only will it help teach the children to become more adept to our magic, but it would turn the war toward our favor. The promise of new, fiercer, stronger warriors tempted all of the parents into sending us to the best school.

Being secluded in our private war for so long, Berk and the other villages were unheard of to those outside of the archipelago. Dad had no problem in this, remembering the feared attacks from the Romans in history's past.

I turned my head, looking around the room. I found my roommates still sleeping, even my owl was dozing in his cage. I pushed off the navy covers and placed my bare feet on the cold, wood flooring. Ignoring the involuntary shudder, I opened my trunk at the end of the bed. Scouting out a specific item, I took out a small, soft object and retreated back into my warm bed.

I hid the object under the sheets and held it against my body. My hands felt over the thick fabric, rubbed the small wings, brushed the stuffed spikes, and tapped the buttoned eyes. I looked down to see the dragon toy, holding it for comfort.

Smiling, though cursing myself at the weakness shown, I thought about my family.

Mother, a kind soul that could tame the chief. Dad said that she made this for me, before she went missing. I tried talking to my dad in order to find out more about her, but he was always reluctant to say anything. Leaving us in our way-too-familiar awkward silences.

Dad, the Viking that everyone wished for. He was strong, both with his muscle and magic. Never in his life has he made the same mistakes that other wizards made in the past. He read about their attempts, and avoided anything similar. He has had many dragons fall at his

merciful hands, and even earned the respect of other chiefs.

So you could understand his disappointment when I came along.

Snotlout, my cousin, was another wielder of magic. He wasn't friendly to me, but he is still family. Plus, he is one of the kids chosen to come to Hogwarts. Funny nameâ€|

I curled further into myself, now thinking about the other kids.

Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and Snotlout, all five of them sleeping peacefully in a red room. While I stayed awake in one of blue.

"_I suppose your not from here, are you child?"_

"_No sir, I'm from-"_

"_No need to say anything, I already know."_

I sat down in silence, waiting for a decision to be made.

"_Well, you certainly have a high goal to reach, boy! And a house planned alreadyâ€|"_

I didn't say anything.

"_You certainly are strong, but I also see potential. Untapped potential."_

I said nothing.

"_Interestingâ€| a bola launcher huhâ€|"_

_I still didn't reply, but I knew what he was talking about. I was nothing more than a thought of mine, one that will make my father proud. _

Earlier, during the last raid, I had seen a row of Vikings throwing bolas and nets in order to capture the dragons closer to the ground. And being fairly close, I was able to see their arms at work. I saw how the gained momentum in tight circles, saw how they quickly throw the net of ropes and weights, saw how the dragons were ensnared, helpless in their cramped positions.

I immediately thought about how I could do that, but knowing I couldn't. At least, not without help.

I remember how Gobber changes his hook into a better contraption, depending on circumstances. He needed extra help because of his disabilities, but he made his ailments only made him better a Viking. If I could do the sameâ€|

My mind wandered for a few moments, eyes glistening and darting around. I wanted to see if anything in the room could help me with this would-be-weapon. Maybe I needed a better design idea than a detachable super armâ€|

"_RAVENCLAW!"_

My musing stopped the moment the hat said these wordsâ€¦|

This was not the house my father planned on me going intoâ€¦|

Indeed, the intended goal was to get into Gryffindor or Slytherin. Gryffindors were described as the house of the brave, heroic, and brazen. All show traits of a Viking. Slytherin was another choice, for they hold those of skill, ambition, and promise. Traits that a future chief should have at the time of war.

Hufflepuff was one that was immediately frowned upon, the descriptions that trader Johan told us that the badgers only held children with magic and no talent. Luckily nobody was sorted there. Ravenclaws would have been acceptable, but with only one, minor flaw. They weren't warriors.

They were smart, yes. They were skilled with a wand, yes. But there was no epic tales of feared Ravenclaws from Johan, a trader who has had a tale for everything and everything. Instead, he told us of ballads that told of the eagles becoming cold-heated leaders. Ones who did act on the best option, but with a price on his or her people. Using young ones as meat shields, killing off weaklings or elders to better the whole, all terrible things. We may be Vikings, but the chief must look at the tribe as an extension to his own family.

Yet, during all these atrocities, the leaders didn't get their hands dirty. Instead, they would choose someone else to get the blame. And when facing the crimes, they were easily put down. The problem was, while they would have knowledge of numerous amounts of offensives, they would only use specific spells and charms. Taking too much time into thinking, they would leave their defenses open.

They were witty, dangerous, and uncontrollable with their magic.

Huh, when you think about it, it's really no wonder how I was chosen here.

Shoving the stuffed dragon under my pillow, I shifted onto my stomach. Still wide awake, I turned once more to the window. Clear, not even a wisp left to block the stars.

But the storm in my head continued to wreak havoc. What did the others think when that dreaded name bellowed from the hat? Did they mistake my glistening eyes as a sign of evil? Did they know I wasn't going to join them? Or did they actually hoped that I would be clad in red, marching back home into my father's arms? What would dad think? Would he disown me, not wanting to chance me to the village? Would he say anything? Would he know I was going to disappoint him? Was any chance of me earning his pride now lost?

I closed my eyes, willing myself not to be affected by such thoughts. I wouldn't cry, I wouldn't whimper, I wouldn't let myself crumble.

So I prayed.

Let this nightmare endâ€|

* * *

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Dreamworks,<p>

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End
file.